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## *The Gardens of Tamburlaine*

Thomas M. Egan

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## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL “HALFLING” MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.htm>



## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

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### Abstract

Panther feet running through the streets of Samarcand, great minarets crying to the faithful for their prayers,

### Keywords

Poetry; The Gardens of Tamburlaine; Thomas M. Egan

**Weaver and his kind grow, too, and they move but real slow. So slow that to us it seems they don't move at all.**

lap and was trying to avoid getting licked in the face. It was a losing battle. He hugged the pup. "Cut it out, Freckles."

"Named her already, he has," beamed Jenny.

"It'll do the lad good to have a dog he can care for.

Best medicine for an aching heart is to take care of an animal," confided Mrs. Miller to Jenny. Jason chatted to Freckles and soon they were chasing each other inside the barn.

Jason half-carried and half-dragged Freckles home. The puppy smelled of earth things and barn life. It was a smell Jason found pleasant and familiar. Jenny explained this was because little boys and puppies smelled the same after a rain. Jason wasn't sure if this were so, but it was all right with him if it was.

Jason romped on the living room floor with Freckles. Jenny found a box and some blanket pieces. She was looking at the two playing when they all heard a cracking noise and the house shook as though it were splitting in two.

"My lands! What is going on in this house?"

"Is it an earthquake, Aunt Jenny?"

"No, leastways I don't believe so. I'm going to call Paul."

He arrived shortly. The house shuddered and groaned a few more times. Then all was still. Paul began to check the house from the cellar up. Jenny, Jason and Freckles waited in the living room.

"I've found it! Come! Look!" Paul shouted.

They went up the dark staircase through the hall and finally into Jason's blue room.

"Come in here," urged Paul from inside the closet. The clothes were all on the bed. Jason and Jenny looked. By Paul's flashlight they could see a big hole way back in the closet where the walls tried to meet in a point.

"Weaver's gone!" cried Jason.

"Don't be silly! It was all that rain. The house settled, that's all," growled Paul.

"Of course, that's all. We have had a great deal of rain, Jason," agreed an anxious Jenny.

"No, Weaver was sad. His feelings were hurt. He left. Poor Weaver. I'll never see him again. I'll never learn to understand," Jason was now weeping gently.

"Rocks cannot move by themselves. They don't have feelings. I've explained all that to you and I don't want to hear about it anymore," Paul said angrily. He left the room to go downstairs.

"Mom knew. Mom knew. I wish she were here."

"I know, dear, I know. I wish she were, too," whispered Jenny holding Jason while Freckles danced around the two of them.

"Weaver wasn't just a rock. Weaver was my friend and friends understand each other. Now I've lost Weaver and I'll never understand him," Jason said to Jenny. There were tears in her eyes, too. She wasn't afraid of Weaver anymore. She wasn't afraid of the house that wouldn't let her sleep. She was beginning to understand after all these years.

"I'm sorry, Jason. Losing a friend, even a rock friend, is hard."

They held Freckles, rubbing her long ears. Paul returned with laths and plaster. He disappeared into the closet pulling the lath in after him. Jason listened to the hammering. He turned to Jenny.

"I've lost Weaver," he said swallowing with an effort. Jenny put her arms around him, avoiding as best she could Freckles' tongue. She gently steered him out the door. He buried his face into Freckles and went downstairs.

Jenny hesitated. "Must you, Paul?"

"Don't be silly, Jenny. This is the only way to be rid of this fantasy for good. Rocks cannot feel." The banging continued. Jenny closed the door behind her and went to Jason.

He stood in the living room, clutching Freckles and staring at the mountain wall. Jenny felt sadness for her nephew. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand leaving a streaky trail across his cheek. They both looked at the mountain wall. She saw it then. Hidden behind a green plant, peeking through a wide crack in the cement. It was a rough, dark spot. Jenny squeezed Jason's arm. He nodded and reached out to touch the spot. It glistened.

"It's Weaver, Aunt Jenny! It's Weaver. Weaver's back!" He turned from Jenny and promised, "I'll try to be a better friend, Weaver. I believe."

Jenny stood back shaking her head. She had resisted and reasoned and remained unbelieving all these years. She was beginning to understand the old house. It had taken the child, Jason, to help her. She reached out slowly, patted the rough, dark spot. The mountain grew warm under her touch.

She smiled, "Hello, Weaver." ■

# The Gardens of Tamburlaine

Panther feet running  
through the streets of Samarcand,  
great minarets crying  
to the faithful for their prayers,  
soldiers are searching  
for the thief of an emperor's jewels,  
a young girl is waiting  
in the Gardens of Tamburlaine,  
a great ruler is watching  
more clever than any thief,  
a young lover is slipping  
through the bushes for his beloved,  
He lays his precious stones all-gleaming  
down before his love's amber eyes,  
Her cries of joy turn to weeping  
as the Khan's voice commands death his due,  
A ruler must be a fox in scheming,  
a maiden must bewail Kismet's iron thorns.

Thomas M. Egan